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knowledge and conscience of the directing artist are of value, not sought out in dreamy chance, not brought forward to please anyone, not to please any critic, or literary historian, or virtuoso, or gaping fool, but rightly brought forward for their own sake, produced in love.

FLORESTAN.—That sounds fine, but is worth nothing. Tell me first the other half—about the good public. Where is it?

EUSEBIUS.—Everywhere and nowhere. Everywhere that there is ingenuousness at bottom, that people do not suck judgment out of patchwork journalistic phrases everywhere that people go to a concert to be refreshed by tune, that they—

FLORESTAN.—That, in a word, as you in your grim humor once proposed, they should have stopped all reading for a month, reduced every newspaper to complete silence, and issued an order through the police to prohibit applause—*synetas implicitas!* Tell me where such a place is to be found under the face of the sun!

EUSEBIUS.—If it exists nowhere, an objective argument is impossible. Once, however, we both together saw somewhere how a mixed audience, comprising a few connoisseurs, a few amateurs, and a majority of simple-minded individuals, listened with silent attention in the concert-room, from beginning to end, to the first performance of *The Messiah*, in a complete, and totally unmitigated form; went home serious and delighted, and, at the next performance, attended in greater number than at first.

FLORESTAN.—Good things and good people! Such a case may occur once in a hundred times. With this we are far from having arrived at the judgment of human judgment.

EUSEBIUS.—I speak only of the possibility, which is proved by a single *actual* instance. So much, at least, we learn from this, namely, that the Learned are the chief persons responsible, and thus the chief persons to be blamed, when matters are otherwise. A wise director, full of high courage, and, at the same time, humble, has a conscience that compels him not to introduce at public performances anything he himself despises in his own heart. If he gives only what is good, he shall see who is most delighted, he or the people. What took place with *The Messiah*, occurred, also, with *Die Zauberflöte* and *Die Vestalin*, the "first impression" struck root among the people, partly inflaming them instantaneously, and partly acting in such a way as to render a repetition welcome. The old Horatian maxim: "*Dicies repetita placabit*"—"If repeated ten times, it will still always please," does not mean what certain modern prophets would make us believe: "Look at those ugly features, look at them steadily and earnestly; do so ten times, and they will at last please you."—Absurd. Will an ugly person become more beautiful for being looked at ten times?—I believe the hidden meaning of the above maxim to be: "that only what is suspected, and leaves in the heart a prickle from the first impression, awakes a yearning for its repetition. As principal result, I would, translated into ordinary German, retain this point: that valuable things, chosen by the Learned for public exhibition before such unprejudiced persons, as are not led in strings from without, and receive the first impressions with genuine *naïveté*, have their reward in as much as the fact of teachers who love the truth offering genuine works of art effects what it

ought: elevated life in the people looking on, unanimous or multi-voiced recognition.

FLORESTAN.—Very fine! If falsehood did not exist. Were everything right in the world, we should need no *criticism*.

EUSEBIUS.—You are riding the idle horse of your last feuilleton, in which you could not praise a virtuoso, our dear Joachim, except with the shrivelled flower: "All criticism ends here."—What! Is it possible that an educated critic does not blush at understanding the *whole* range of criticism merely as a spy to pounce upon rogues? Does criticism consist in merely noting a man's fum-uncles and freckles, and not rather in what you were before seeking, *the art of judging*, the consciousness of judging on principle?—You should be ashamed at being false to yourself!

FLORESTAN.—I am ashamed, and will behave better in future; but, with all this, I do not see that we are moving an inch. First, answer my question about falsehood, which flourishes everywhere, among the Learned as well as among fools.

EUSEBIUS.—That's it! Because falsehood and sin exist in the world, how are we to find truth, and hold it fast when found, that it may shine and not be lost?

FLORESTAN.—You previously stated that, despite of falsehood, an indestructible yearning after truth was inherent to man.

EUSEBIUS.—And for that very reason I think that falsehood is unstable, and truth, stable. Of what use to Meyerbeer was all the puffing, all the fuss made about him in the newspapers?

FLORESTAN.—It enabled him to start as a trimillionare, though not to reach the heaven of Mozart; but he was very tranquil on that point, it appears.

EUSEBIUS.—His tranquillity has nothing to do with us in following up the idea of the criticism of reason. What, however, was good in that lost son, the palpable, comprehensible, sensually exciting element in his miserably poor creations, has held its ground, and will be brought forward from time to time, though it will scarcely survive two generations, like certain works of imperishable beauty.

FLORESTAN.—You are now touching upon another point; the ideals of culture change with individuals and peoples. Remember Klopstock and Opits, who, after being quoted by their contemporaries as artists influencing the world, have, in a few generations, though not forgotten, descended considerably from their elevated position. Of Ossian, I will say nothing, as that hero, despite the admiration of Napoleon and Goethe, has now been *radicibus* extirpated, thanks to the crushing criticism of a bluestocking. You still admire him, I know—and yet you cannot help accepting, in certain cases, a changeable, and, therefore, scarcely an objective judgment. And whose place is it—that of the scholar or the layman—to utter such a judgment?

EUSEBIUS.—It is the scholar alone who can utter it. Wherefore, however, is a man a scholar, except from moreness of experience? If anyone thirty years ago passed the same opinion on Mendelssohn as that passed today, after his reputation or his uniqueness has paled [?], everyone [?] says: In addition to his natural talent his greater experience and acquirements paved the way for him.

FLORESTAN.—So, you are at length approximating to me, in conceding something more to the scholar! *Ergo*, his judgment is

worth something more than the "first impression" of the layman.

EUSEBIUS.—But even he, the scholar, was once a layman, that is to say, one who simply received natural impressions, no matter for how long, and this *laydom of first sensations* has, by God's help, never left him. Had he lost it entirely, he would be merely a registrar and summer-up of reminiscences of himself, or even a scribbler, growing fat upon the impressions of others.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEATH OF MADAME MERIC-LALANDE.—That once celebrated songstress, Madame Meric-Lalande, who was identified with the Malibrani, Velluti, Sontag, Pasta, Ambrogetti, Lablache, and Donzelli period, died a few days since at Chantilly. Madame Meric-Lalande had quitted the stage for many years. She was the mother of the popular contralto, Madame Meric-Lablache. In 1824, she sang in Meyerbeer's *Crociato in Egitto*, with Velluti and Lablache, and was mainly instrumental to the success of that work.

#### ART MATTERS.

De Haas, who has just returned from Narragansett, is putting the finishing touches to a picture that stamps him as eminently the greatest marine painter of the country. The gentleman has accomplished much good work before this, but never has he so thoroughly succeeded in imbuing a picture so fully with poetry, sentiment and breadth as he has done in the work in question. The subject is suggested by portions of the rocky coast of Rhode Island: An angry sea is tossing and fretting itself against a mass of rocks to the left; off into the distance we see the expanse of water, athwart which the moon is casting the pale color of its arising. The foreground is bathed in the warm color of the setting sun, while up in the sky we see a mass of rosy, fleecy clouds.

The whole canvas breathes of loneliness, dignity, power. There is nothing trivial; nothing to detract from the innate grandeur of the subject. We are here face to face with Nature in her grandest mood; there are no smiles upon her face, she is calm, dignified, commanding, and we bow before her shrine with feelings of reverential awe.

Metaphor aside, there are passages in this picture that have never been excelled, if equalled, by Mr. De Haas, or any other American marine painter. Among the prominent features are the rocks, and the effect of sunlight upon them; the dashing spray, and the sky. The only real fault one can find in the picture is the reflection of the moonlight on the water; this is, to say the least, "painty," and Mr. De Haas should remedy it. It is seldom that pictures such as this are painted, and one is all the more apt to look for blemishes; the painting of the moonlight is the only one I can find in the present work; remedy that, and we would